FLASH

Vol. 1 No. 1

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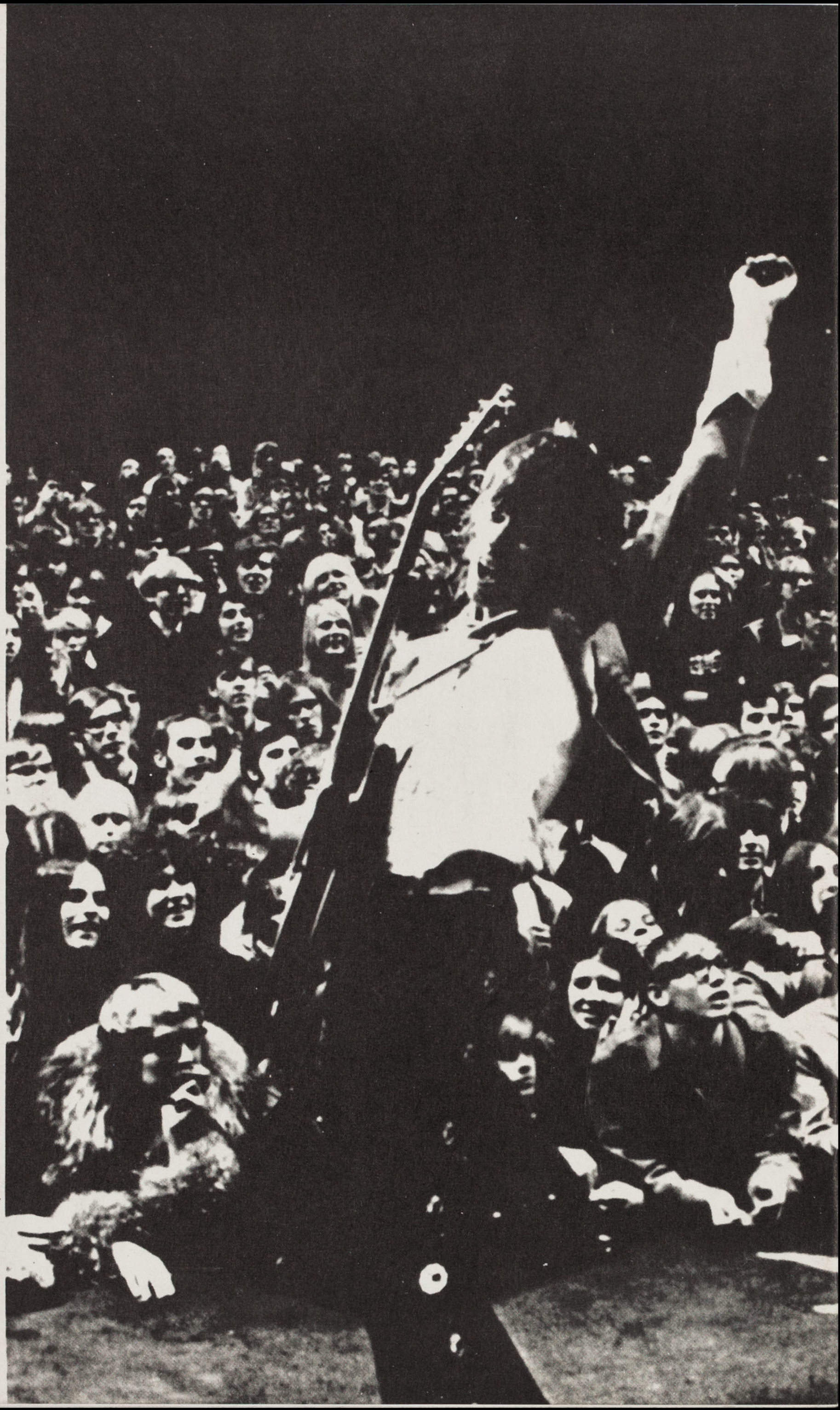
If you happen to be a person that is (a) in a position to publicize this magazine, and (b) willing to do so, you could state that this issue is free to anyone who'd like one until (a) March 15, 1972, or (b) we run out of copies.

THE COVER ⟶

Seals & Croft kick out the jams before admiring throng at L.A.'s Troubador



(Long Winded!) Introduction

An Open Letter to the Fantastic Baggies

Well, here we are--a little later and bigger than either of us expected, but nothing ever works out like you think it will. Before I say anything else, I'd like to thank you all for your response and support and thanks especially to those who contributed material. Also I'd like to express my graditude to CREEM for the plug and to the print shop where I work for allowing me to come in at strange hours during the middle of the night to set copy and do camera work and paste up.

Were calling ourselves FLASH MAGAZINE for a couple of reasons. First, it's a pretty good definition of rock and roll music (and that's all we're about) and secondly, in dedication to the amazing Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids, a rock and roll band in the truest sense of the term who've been a constant inspiration.

Since the idea for this thing germinated in my mind six months ago, I've decided to make a few alterations in the finished product. We're still basically going to be focusing on obscure albums, but there's no reason why we can't do that and lots more too, so you'll notice in this issue there's a few extended pieces of writing, some rock and roll trivia, some humor, some bad taste, and whatever else you find. Obscure albums remain my main love, however, and will always get first priority as far as publication goes. They also give us a pretty good reason for existence, for as far as I can tell, it's a virtually untouched field and yet their importance in the next few years cannot be underestimated, as we shall see.

Those who claim to know say that this drought we're going through at the present time is to be expected, that it's a part of the pattern of rock and roll to periodically rise and fall. I don't know if rock's been around long enough for anyone to be able to reliably predict such things, but I'm willing to go along with them out of sheer optimism. So, if it's true, it means that there just ain't gonna be too much in the way of new music for us to get excited about for at least the next couple of years. Occasionally, in the great ocean of new releases, there are and will continue to be good rock, if only by accident, but if present trends continue, there just won't be nearly enough to satisfy those of us who could barely get our fill even in prosperous times, let alone in the depression. I'm not saying that rock is dead--far from it. Some people will tell you it's better than ever, and they have a point. Over the last five years, every facet of pop music--from musicianship to record quality--has improved ten times over. What I am saying is that it's not fun, and the way I see it, if it's not fun, it's not rock.

At any rate, there's enough good rock in the bargain bins of America to last us all five years; the problem is finding it. As you are well aware of, most of the LP's in the bins are there because they really deserve to be and the beauty of finding a 49¢ gem (and thereby beating the parking lot corporations that currently control the music) is lost if you had to spend $10 for 20 crappo albums to find it.

So that, basically, is the purpose of this magazine: to find the great overlooked stuff (there's so much of it!) and turn each other on to it. Obviously, there's a difference in tastes, but since this mag is limited exclusively to rock and roll (as opposed to a large paper like Rolling Stone that covers so much more--jazz, country, R & B, and all rock mutations of same) the spread shouldn't be so wide.

Another way to get around this would be to state up front just exactly what type of rock you happen to be digging. Check Mike Saunders' letter in this issue. You don't have to lay it out in that great a detail (unless you want to) but if you'd name, say, your two or three favorite groups or albums at the moment, it would really help the rest of us to put your reviews in perspective.

For example, if you knew before reading my rantings and ravings on the early Raiders in this issue that my current top three albums are "Back in the USA," "Get Yer Ya Ya's Out," and "Funhouse" (side one) you might have a better idea of how you'd react to the Raiders.

And don't let my own immersion into the depths of reactionary rock influence anything you'd care to submit. I recognize it as a passing phase that I'll be out of in due time (I hope not though--haven't had this much fun for years) and I can dig it all. As long as its got a good beat and ain't too pretentious, it qualifies.

I guess I should also mention that we're not gonna take too much too seriously here. To get as political as I ever care to get in the context of this mag, I'd say that rock's a joke* and the joke's on anyone (performer or audience) who ever takes it for any more

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Esoterica

Mike Saunders
Austin, Texas

Saw your letter in CREEM. I love obscure albums; my only regret is that I don't have more of them, in post-1964 stuff anyway. Really good obscure LP's that is. Enclosed is a page of some of the most esoteric things from my post-1964 collection, which is about 400 LP's. I keep only ones I really like in that section, like I've only kept the first two Band albums, 2nd Airplane album and no others, no Grateful Dead, whom I despise, only MORRISON HOTEL and L.A. W@MAN by the Doors (but of course all 16 Kinks LPs and about 25 Beach Boys LPs, all ten Hollies albums); you know, a compact essential traveling collection. Now, if it were early 1960's stuff in question, I could tell you about fantastic albums by the Cascades, Diane Ray, Charlie Rich, the Crystals, Dion & Gene Pitney & Neil Sedaka & Del Shannon and all my idols--I'd give a fortune if there were just an album by Neil Scott fuck it, but there never was one (nor Ral Donner either)---might as well mention that 1963, next to 1964-5 and 1970 albumwise, is about my favorite rocknroll year of all time, even if I'm only 19 as wasn't even around. Rock just went straight up from Nov. 1962 with "He's a Rebel" right into the Beatles, and then it all blew sky high. Till late 1965 anyway. You know, I've even got Johnny Thunder's album. You can find anything in 3/$1, 44¢, 59¢, and $1.00 bins if you try long enough. It's a good album, too.

At any rate, here's my page of reviews. Some albums (relatively unknown) I sought out this last year after having them on my want list, but when finally heard them thought they stunk:

AUTOSALVAGE (RCA)
BRIDGES, West (Epic)
SWEETWATER--1st (Reprise)
JUDY IN DISGUISE, John Fred (Paula)
BOZ SCAGGS--1st (Atlantic)
AMBOY DUKES--early LP's
RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL Spider John Koerner (Electra)

OAR, by Skip Spence, too; to me it only seemed fair, though super-wierd admittedly. KAK and the fifth (and 6th)

Volume 2
Beau Brummels

The Ultimate Prophecy
J.D. Blackfoot

Before the War
Bo Grumpus

I Fought The Law
Bobby Fuller Four

Blue Cheer are totally unremarkable if you ask me; it's the 4th Blue Cheer lp (with Bruce Stephens) that I love. Oh, too, Jeff Simmons' album, which I dug up because his sampler cut was so great, is terrible too, belongs on the above list.

Black Sabbath are a good group, too though not in my all-time Top-20 yet (though neither are the Stooges and MC5 who I both love). Top 20 still reads: Kinks, Beatles (for 1st eight albums), Beach Boys, Stones, Procol Harum, Youngbloods, Hollies, Them/Van Morrison, Velvet Underground, Flamin' Groovies.

BOTTOM 10: Badfinger, Small Faces, the Who, Jimi Hendrix, Buffalo Springfield, Lovin' Spoonful, Mother Earth, Love, the Zombies, T. Rex.

The Yardbirds used to be #20, but T. Rex ousted them out with their new LP. So see, next time you see some joker review of mine you'll know where to put it in context. Why do I always have to review such incredibly bad or boring albums like BROKEN BARRICADES or McGuinness Flint? Were it the Jefferson Zeppeplane I could at least honestly hate the record rather than be bored. Where are the Trashmen when we need them?

As if it weren't all obvious by now, bird's the word...

FAVE ESOTERIC RAVES:

BEAU BRUMMELS VOL. 2 (Autumn 104)

This really has some of the best 12-string acoustic folk rock stuff I've ever heard; it used to be Elliott with the low voice and singing lead, with Sal Valentino on top. I couldn't take TRIANGLE, with Valentino singing lead, and hence was surprised to discover this LP a couple of years later and really like all of it but 1 or 2 cuts. However, every copy I've heard of this album was a really poor pressing.

THE ULTIMATE PROPHECY, J.D. Blackfoot (Mercury 61288)

I reviewed this in BOMP #6. American straightahead rock, incredibly dumb and funny & rocking opera on the second side. Most hyperactive drummer in ages. It was released in August, 1970, out of print six months later. Really a collectors' item.

BEFORE THE WAR, Bo Grumpus (Atco 33-246)

Above average Springfield/early Youngbloods style American rock, with

Continued on page 13

SPECIAL FEATURE

FLASH Magazine Inaugurates "Melanie" Awards

As a special feature of FLASH MAGAZINE, we take great pride in announcing the formation of the monthly MELANIE AWARDS, which will be given to "that person or group of persons who have done exceptionally meritorius and uncalled-for work in promoting the ideals, values, and doctrines of the counterculture.® "

The readers of this publication will be asked to submit their nominations regularly to our panel of experts for judging. The winners will each receive a six inch silver statue, (the Melanie) with the inscription "You gotta get close to it all," which is a direct quote from the girl herself found in a review of her boffo Carnegie Hall concert. The review was found, strangly enough, in an advertisements for one of her albums. It reads, in part:

"As the concert drew to an end and the audience began to fear that each song would be the last, the flood began. Shadowy figures in beads and fringe flowed down the carpeted aisles of Carnegie Hall. They swirled onto the bright stage eddying silently around the singer hunched over her guitar. Few of them touched her. One gave her beads for her hair. Another wept and whispered, "Don't leave us." Long ago she had told them, "You gotta get close to it all," and they had left their isolated seats and came down the aisle for that purpose - simply to be close. She drew strength from them and sang on until she had no more songs. When she rose to leave some of them embraced her, and tears were exchanged.

Hands reached from cufflinked sleeves and pulled her backstage where the people who handle her business arrangements congratulated her on a good night's work..."*

We'll be awarding the first Melanie in the next issue, based upon your nominations and the decisions of our panel of experts, and will continue to award them each month after that until August 11, 1972 which is the beginning of

You Gotta Get Close To It All

WOODSTOCK WEEK and marks the date for the first annual FLASH MAGAZINE ROCK AND ROLL SLAM - BANG AFFAIR AND CAT STEVENS ALBUM BONFIRE CONVENTION, to be held at Houston's Astrodome. Highlight of the night will be the awarding of the six foot solid gold Melanie to the (in the opinion of our judges) most qualified of our previous winners. And--this isn't definate--the possibility exists that Melanie herself will be there to open the envelope and present the award in person. Negotions are now under way with the cufflinked people who handle her business arrangements, and we'll keep you posted. More details on the convention will be forthcoming as soon as they are finalized. Right now I can only tell you about the eagerly anticipated DC5-MC5 Battle of the Bands which should fill up about six hours of that glorious night. Bring your own amphetimines.

If you can't make it to Houston, don't despair. The entire event is being filmed by the Mayasles Bros. and will be released by Warner Brothers right around Christmastime, 1972. As was the case with "Gimme Shelter," admission prices will be low and profits donated to an unspecified charity.

By the way, the first nominee for the regular silver Melanie is an unlikely young fellow named John Denver, whose album "Poems, Prayers, and Promises," earns him a shot at the coveted award.

Speaking about the album in an RCA ad for it, disc jockey Pete Fornatale of WNEW-FM, New York, says in part:

"It struck me immediately as an anthem for the new consciousness...The album has tremendous social conscience. There's a lot of romance and there's politics. There's reflections and sincerlty and most important, and perhaps more than anything else, there is the difficult notion of SURVIVAL in chaotic 1971 America...Whenever I listen to John Denver, I feel like I'm on leave from the revolution and this is the watering hole, the place to kind of get sustenance to go on..."

If you know of anything more deserving of the first Melanie,

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®Kinney Leisure Services Inc.

*No shit. I'm not making this up.

(First in a series)

Liner Notes HALL OF FAME

ROULETTE

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

CRIMSON & CLOVER

TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLS

December 2, 1968

"Dear Tommy and the Shondells,"

What a wonderful team you are and what great help you gave my 1968 Presidential Campaign. Thanks so very much. You added vitality and pleasure to so many campaign rallys. You made sacrifices in my behalf, "you cooperated enthusiastically," you made my cause your own and helped it immeasurably.

No one will be happier than I to see your further success. You have what it takes for top stardom... youth, idealism, talent, and zest.

I look forward to being with you on future occasions.

My deep appreciation and best wishes for the holidays and a New Year rich with blessings.

Sincerely,

Hubert H. Humphrey

SIDE ONE

CRIMSON & CLOVER
T. James—P. Lucia—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

KATHLEEN McARTHUR
T. James—M. Vale—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

I AM A TANGERINE
T. James—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

DO SOMETHING TO ME
J. Calvert—P. Naumann—N. Marzano—Patrician Music Corp.
Kahoona Tunes Inc.—BMI

SIDE TWO

CRYSTAL BLUE PERSUASION
T. James—M. Vale—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

SUGAR ON SUNDAY
T. James—M. Vale—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

BREAKAWAY
T. James—M. Vale—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

SMOKEY ROADS
T. James—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

I'M ALIVE
T. James—P. Lucia—Big Seven Music Corp.—BMI

WRITTEN, ARRANGED & PRODUCED BY TOMMY JAMES AND THE SHONDELLS

ROULETTE RECORDS INC., 17 W. 60 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Bubble Puppy's Hot Licks

HOT SMOKE!

By Larry Keenan

A GATHERING OF PROMISES
Bubble Puppy - International Artists (IALP-10)
DEMIAN--ABC (S-718)

Talk about forgotten masterpieces, this one you probably haven't even heard of. Forget the teeny-bopper name and let me pull your coat to the most superb and at the same time, most overlooked band of 1968, Bubble Puppy. It was in that year that they released a moderately successful single, "Hot Smoke and Sassafras" and toured the country. Their music was a sort of acid rock of the American

(I wish we could print this in color. It's the all-time psychedelic shlock cover. International Artists strikes again!-ed.)

Southwest and no matter how closed-minded you were when Bubble Puppy were playing the reservations were blown away. On one evening at Chicago's old Kinetic Playground they jammed 'til closing and the audience never forgot it.

Bubble Puppy was a band that you could write sheer volumes about and I know that if I hype them too much you will probably think I'm playing Masked Marauders games. The truth was, is, and ever more shall be that Bubble Puppy sounded like no other band on this planed. Without attempting a comparison, their rock and roll had such strength that only the mighty Alice Cooper has occasionally thrown together a few licks that sound like Bubble Puppy. When this album came out, the people who got turned on to it couldn't find enough superlatives for it. However, between their name and small label, Bubble Puppy slipped from sight.

Collectively, Bubble Puppy were Rod Prince, Roy Cox, Todd Potter, and David Fore. Prince played rhythm guitar like no one else, his chording altered like a complicated bass line. Cox so effectively complimented the skillful rhythm guitar with his own bass line that the two instruments, with the drumming of David Fore, often seemed like one multi-leveled rhythm machine. Fore was easily one of the best drummers I have ever heard. He had the ability to fill an empty space with flash by way of his unpredictable beats and his delightful cymbal work. The lead guitarist, Todd Potter, was an excellent young talent whose guitar lines were intentionally quiet and restrained at some times, then rippling with power at others.

Their first album, A GATHERING OF PROMISES, was a pleasant mixture of acoustic and electric music. The acoustic music, with the exception of the title cut, is largely forgettable in this acoustic age, but the electric cuts are superb and the experimentation they include has yet to be touched upon by any latter day rock band. In 1968, this sounded downright unusual.

"Hot Smoke and Sassafras" is an excellent example of the experimental nature of Bubble Puppy's music. At each verse's beginning, a sustained chord is held for the whole line, then struck again at the beginning of the next one. The voices sing with an accent that would be called Iambic if it were poetry. The only thing pushing at the song is the staccato tap of the cymbal. It would look like this if you could describe it in writing:

Chord - If you miss the sassafras
Chord - Many things will come to pass (tap, tap..)
Chord - And the smoke shall rise again
Chord - To the place above where it began

After each verse the guitar rocks out. The guitar break features a flowing solo accompanied only by the solid, rapid beating of the bass drum and ride tom.

"Todd's Tune" is a marvelous effort for the young musician. The song starts with an easy beat and gradually builds on an inner strength that grows stronger as Potter's vocal goes from choked to powerful and dramatic, especially at the point where he sings that in his song, "It's the only way we are together," each time the line growing in its urgency The instrumental pyrotechnics at the end of this song are so powerful that they leave me breathless each time I listen to it.

The idea of studio cuts over five minutes often results in poor music, simply because the studio environment can too often restrict the organic development of the music. "I've Got to Reach You" is a unique exception. The changes in tempo and the excellent vocal work are superbly done throughout and the song burns strong for seven minutes without a boring moment.

This record is so marvelous, that it's a pity that there weren't any subsequent Bubble Puppy albums; or so I thought, until one day I discovered DEMIAN at the local department store.

Blissful joy is what I felt, friends, Bubble Puppy have come back as Demian, a name probably given to them by their producer, Steppenwolf's Nick St. Nicholas, but don't let it keep you from the delights of listening to it, because this record represents a return to that music that Bubble Puppy made. The album seems to give off a rather hasty feel (it was recorded live in the studio) but the songs rock with a fury that I didn't know Bubble Puppy had been keeping hidden. The drumming is now very solid and forceful. Prince gets to flash almost as much as Potter, and we finally get to hear Cox as a discinct instrumental personality.

The album is largely composed of electric music of which a good portion is hard rock and roll. "Face

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EDITORIAL:

CRUNCHYVERSUSSLUSHY

THE BOSS 30 RECORDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!

Week Ending

October 23, 1965

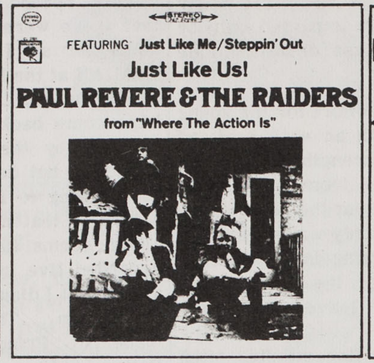
Last Week	This Week	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL	Weeks on Survey
(1)	1.	THE "IN" CROWD	The Ramsey Lewis Trio	Argo	6
(2)	2.	LIAR, LIAR	The Castaways	Soma	7
(11)	3.	YESTERDAY	Paul McCartney	Capitol	3
(4)	4.	TREAT HER RIGHT	Roy Head	Back Beat	4
(12)	5.	A LOVER'S CONCERTO	The Toys	dynoVoice	3
(3)	6.	MOHAIR SAM	Charlie Rich	Smash	5
(12)	7.	HANG ON SLOOPY	The McCoys	Bang	5
(5)	8.	EVE OF DESTRUCTION	Barry McGuire	Dunhill	8
(8)	9.	HELP! I'M DOWN	The Beatles	Capitol	9
(7)	10.	IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR	Wilson Pickett	Atlantic	6
(6)	11.	DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC	The Lovin' Spoonful	Kama Sutra	7
(13)	12.	UNIVERSAL SOLDIER	Donovan	Hickory	3
(9)	13.	WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE	The Animals	MGM	7
(29)	14.	KEEP ON DANCING	The Gentrys	MGM	2
(14)	15.	AGENT OO SOUL	Edwin Starr	Ric-Tic	5
(10)	16.	BABY, I'M YOURS	Barbara Lewis	Atlantic	12
(27)	17.	EVERYBODY LOVES A CLOWN	Gary Lewis	Liberty	2
(23)	18.	EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON	Jonathan King	Parrot	4
(19)	19.	TAKE ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE	Evie Sands	Blue Cat	6
(20)	20.	CATCH US IF YOU CAN	The Dave Clark Trio	Epic	6
(26)	21.	THE WAY OF LOVE	Kathy Kirby	Parrot	2
(HB)	22.	YOU'RE THE ONE	The Vogues	Co & Ce	1
(15)	23.	YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES	The Fortunes	Press	7
(HB)	24.	POSITIVELY 4th STREET	Bob Dylan	Columbia	1
(—)	25.	I LIVE FOR THE SUN	The Sunrays	Tower	1
(28)	26.	JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER	Herman's Hermits	MGM	2
(30)	27.	THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE	Joan Baez	Vanguard	3
(HB)	28.	I KNEW YOU WHEN	Billy Joe Royal	Columbia	1
(HB)	29.	RESPECT	Otis Redding	Volt	1
(HB)	30.	MAKE ME YOUR BABY	Barbara Lewis	Atlantic	1

93/KHJ "THIRTY"

PREVIEWED OCTOBER 27, 1971

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist	Weeks
(1)	1.	YO-YO	The Osmonds	7
(4)	2.	SWEET CITY WOMAN	Stampeders	9
(6)	3.	GYPSYS, TRAMPS AND THIEVES	Cher	6
(8)	4.	THEME FROM SHAFT	Isaac Hayes	6
(7)	5.	IMAGINE	John Lennon	8
(2)	6.	UNCLE ALBERT/ ADMIRAL HALSEY	Paul & Linda McCartney	10
(9)	7.	TWO DIVIDED BY LOVE	The Grass Roots	6
(13)	8.	ONE TIN SOLDIER	Coven	5
(5)	9.	TIRED OF BEING ALONE	Al Green	8
(12)	10.	WILD NIGHT	Van Morrison	6
(3)	11.	MAGGIE MAY	Rod Stewart	11
(16)	12.	EVERYBODY'S EVERYTHING	Santana	4
(19)	13.	ONE FINE MORNING	Lighthouse	4
(20)	14.	YOU BROUGHT THE JOY	Freda Payne	5
(15)	15.	ABSOLUTELY RIGHT	Five Man Electrical Band	5
(26)	16.	IT'S A CRYIN' SHAME	Gayle McCormick	3
(11)	17.	I'VE FOUND SOMEONE OF MY OWN	The Free Movement	11
(24)	18.	TRAPPED BY A THING CALLED LOVE	Denise Lasalle	3
(21)	19.	EASY LOVING	Freddie Hart	4
(22)	20.	BIRDS OF A FEATHER	Raiders	4
(23)	21.	BLESS YOU	Martha Reeves & The Vandellas	4
(10)	22.	SUPERSTAR	Carpenters	10
(25)	23.	INNER CITY BLUES	Marvin Gaye	2
(27)	24.	ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU	Sonny & Cher	3
(29)	25.	A NATURAL MAN	Lou Rawls	2
(28)	26.	BABY I'M-A WANT YOU	Bread	2
(30)	27.	ROCK STEADY	Aretha Franklin	2
(HB)	28.	FOOL ME	Joe South	1
(HB)	29.	STONES	Neil Diamond	1
(HB)	30.	SUPERSTAR	Temptations	1

WHERE THE ACTION WAS!



Wherein the editor, fully aware of the social consequences of his actions, nonetheless proceeds to state (among other things)

Paul Revere and the Raiders were so good!

Here are three albums that certainly weren't obscure in their day (two were million sellers) but if you, like the rest of us, harbored an intensive repulsion for these characters when they were at the height of their popularity, then you missed out on some real cool LP's.

Yeah, you know all about these guys--they were your little sister's favorite group. Remember coming home from school and seeing a whole car-pool of gum-popping teeny-boppers sitting around the TV set in the living room checking out Mark Lindsay (how about that pony tail!) and the rest of these loons romping it up at various resorts and sea scenes all over the USA, lip-synching the words to their biggies, which would of course enable Drake and Fang to point their guitars at each other like rifles while one of 'em would climb up on Paul Revere's shoulders to get a better aim. And, don't you know it, even with a guy on his shoulders, Paul wouldn't miss a step of that Raider Stomp they used to do.

Drop a half-decade of conditioning (five years ago we could afford the luxury of ignoring this band; to do so today would be like refusing water when you're dying of thirst on the desert, just because the water happens to be in a Ronald McDonald glass). Look at it from 1971. What a GREAT understanding of rock and roll these clowns had. What would you give to see some seventies bed-wetters like the Moody Bores come walking out on stage in gross costumes with matching hats and suddenly in the middle of, say, "Knights in White Satin," turn around, jump on each other's backs and point their mellontrons at the symphony orchestra in back of them.

What a flash!

Unfortunatly, it didn't last too long, and it might be worthwhile to find out why.

Any discussion of Paul Revere and the Raiders invariably has to turn to Dick Clark, who, for our intents and purposes, effectively ruined them (i.e. gave Revere an opportunity for great wealth).

Whatever else you may think of Dick Clark notwithstanding, you should realize that (a) he's a rich man today because of his ability to exploit rock and roll, and (b) that he couldn't have exploited it so successfully without a great knowledge and understanding of this music. So when he needed a band for his "Action" show, he didn't create one like the Monkees, he simply sent his scouts out looking for a dynamic (and commercial) group--and with Dick Clark's power, money and influence as well as the promise of daily national exposure, he could have had any group in America he wanted in 1965.

Paul Revere and the Raiders at that time were knocking 'em dead in clubs and concerts throughout the northwest with their sock-rock music, Mark Lindsay's singing, and their outrageous stage act. Clark heard about them, invited them to Hollywood for an audition and liked what he saw enough to sign the group for his show.

Clark wrote the liner notes to JUST LIKE US and there's an interesting portion where he describes his initial meeting with Revere and Revere's outlook on the group:

"Paul himself was clearly a solid, sensible young man with an iron grip on the group's direction. He had no boring, complicated "hang-ups" about labels or images or eccentrical music values and had decided--in his hometown of Portland, Oregon, where the group was making a fortune--that they were to be a first class, professional, middle-of-the-road rock team who would give full-blooded, full-value entertainment to the fans who paid money at the box office."

But, alas, Revere was a little to hungry for that money from the box office, and ultimately that fact killed the band for everybody but the youngest boppers. He was once quoted as saying his ambition with the Raiders was simple: he wanted to become a millionaire. While that may not be the most noble of statements, at least there's some honesty there. I mean when are Crosby, Stills & Nash gonna admit that?

JUST LIKE US was released right when "Action" was getting off the ground and when they found that the show was watched almost exclusively by young girls, Revere, always after the buck, aimed all subsequent LP's at this pre-teen audience and hearing anything beyond this point is simply a terrible and painful experience. Even on the incredible GREATEST HITS album, there's a cut called "Melody to an Unknown Girl," a complete sellout to 16 Magazine that tries to deny the power of the rest of the set. It doesn't succeed, though.

Singles, of course, had to appeal to a much wider based broup of teenagers and for a couple of years the Raiders put out one solid single anfter another, from "Steppin' Out" and "Just Like Me" on the JUST LIKE US album, to "Kicks," "Hungry," "Good Thing," "Ups & Downs," (all of which are included on GREATEST HITS) "Peace of Mind," "Him or Me," "Let Me," and some others, too, that I can't think of at the moment.

A couple of albums after JUST LIKE US later, the nucleus of the band--Mike Smith, Drake Levin, and Phil Volk, got so fed up with having to play so much diddly-shit music to pre-teens that they took their money and split, formed a group, made an album, and have never been heard from since. But their absense destroyed what little was left of the band by that time

and finished them off for good.

The Raiders still record and make the charts, Mark Lindsay is also a solo act, and Paul Revere is a millionaire, but in the final analysis, America just loses another real rock and roll band.

Too bad, too, cause JUST LIKE US is a fine album, real reactionary music to the 1971 ears that listen to it (as is the one that preceded it, HERE THEY COME!, reviewed elsewhere). I heard it for the first time early this year and play it all the time. You know, just woke up one morning, turned on the radio, (Elton John and Cat Stevens were REALLY getting the airplay at this time) and calmly and sanely realized that I COULDN'T TAKE IT NO MORE!! WHAT IS ALL THIS MORALISTIC BULLSHIT?? WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I TURN ON THE RADIO IT'S LIKE GOING TO CHURCH?? ISN'T ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE??

So, calmly and sanely, I started thinking, "who doesn't take themselves seriously? Where is there

an album that doesn't contain any ANSWERS to questions I didn't ask? Is there such an album?" My calmness and sanity depended upon finding one, so I thought for a while and came up with Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs. I'd never heard any of their albums and "Wooly Bully" was certainly magnificent, so it seemed definately worth a try.

Then, on the way to the record store, I punched a button on my car radio and Holy Shit! There it was and I'd forgotten all about it!

"Well-hell I had to leave town
Because of Uncle Sam's deals!
Huh-yeah!
Well I guess my good lovin'
done lost it's appeal...
Because when I came back
I heard the bad, bad news!
They say our big romance
Has been gettin' abused!
So tell me true,
Don't lie to me--
Have you been step-
step-step-step-step-
step-step-steppin' out on me?
(I got ways of findin' out, girl!)

There it was! Nirvana! Just by pushin' a button. I knew right then and there it had to be Paul Revere and the Raiders and nothing else could do. (Sorry Sam the Sham--I'll save you for the next depression).

I got to the store, found JUST LIKE US in the bargain bin for a QUARTER (what a bargain!) paid Mr. Cool at the cash register, ignored his smirk while he put it in a bag (one of the hazards of buying this LP is the crap you are subjected to from the omnicient dude behind the counter at every "hip" record store (at least in L.A.) He's not gonna say, "Hey, you really dig this shit?" At least not as long as he's got that goddam Carole King or some other Stamp Of Approval record going on the store's hi-fi, but you do get a look of bewildered puzzlement as if to say, "Hey, you're...you're...DIFFERENT!" It's standing behind record store counters that you find the real counter culture.

I got it home, put it on and it turned out to be everything I knew it would be and more. These guys romp and stomp their way through this entire album of mid-60's classics, usually ripping off everything note for note, but adding real enthusiasm and their own special competence, and you know they were having one helluva time on this session.

"Steppin' Out" leads it off, and because I got an old mono copy, it sounds almost as good in the house as it did in the car. The more I listen to these albums the more convinced I am that Mark Lindsay was, at this time, with this band, the best fucking singer in

Paul Revere & the Raiders, Portland, Oregon 1964

America, and I'm at a loss to think of anyone since then who has topped him.[1] Of course, Lindsay himself has gone way down but I'd like to think it has more to do with the material he's been doing than it does with his voice. The remarkable combination of power and sublety he brings to songs like "Hungry" "Just Like Me," and most of the other early Raider stuff just hasn't been equalled by him or anyone else.

At the end of "Steppin' Out" there's a line that I don't ever remember hearing on the radio. It might surprise you, so if you ever get this album, turn up the volume when "Steppin' Out" fades out.

No letdown on the rest of side one, either. "Dog-gone," the old Motown thing, "Out of Sight," "Baby Please Don't Go," (Dee Dee walked in during the middle of this cut once and thought it was Ten Years After, although I don't know if I'd pay Alvin Lee that high a compliment) then a slapstick version of "I Know" and "Night Train."

1 And don't write me about this unless you just finished listening to GREATEST HITS. Would you say something this preposterous if you didn't mean it? Sure, there are lots of other singers who are more powerful, but none I've heard have the ability to downshift from power to understatement in mid-sentence. Also he's (at least on these albums) never guilty of the vocal overkill that Cocker and Stewart and some others often are.

Side two brings "Just Like Me," (and nobody's gonna tell me this isn't one brilliant rock & roll song--Louie, Louie chords, Drake Levin's outstanding lead guitar break in the middle, and Mark Lindsay's finest moment on vocals). If you haven't heard it since it was a hit, then you don't really remember it, you just think you do. You've got to hear what it sounds like in 1971.

"Catch the Wind" is next, the only bad cut here, and man, does it suck! Looked at historically it may have been a plot by Revere who knowing full well the time-honored rock and roll tradition that even the greatest of great LP's must have at least one bad cut,[2] decided to put his throwaway to a useful purpose, i.e. lower Donovan's stature with the million or so who heard this LP, and thereby narrowing down the competition for his own product. I doubt it, too, but who knows?

Anyway, the first half of their version is so downright nauseating (not "funny" or "bad enough to be good" or any of that) that I've never heard the second half--I'm always lunging for the turntable to move the needle over to the next track,[3] "Satisfaction," which a lot of us agree is the greatest modern rock and roll song of all time. No one will ever equal

2 SGT. PEPPER? "She's Leaving Home" sure brings it right down. And BACK IN THE USA has "Let Me Try," YA YA'S has "Love in Vain," and on and on.

the original, but I'd heard the Stones do it so many times, I'd practically forgotten what it was that I really loved about this song. The Raiders' carbon-copy version for some reason, reminds me.

Next is "I'm Crying," the old Eric Burdon-Alan Price jam, one of the best things that band ever did, and the Raiders take a little of the edge off it and replace it with a little more rock and roll. "New Orleans," follows, done in typical Raiders fashion, with Paul Revere taking a rare lead vocal, and demonstrating his good judgement in letting Mark Lindsay be the lead singer in this band.

Finally, it ends with the theme song from the TV show, "Action," and if you can divorce it in your mind from the program itself, you might be able to dig this. It sounds a lot like what might come out of a Freddy Cannon session with the 1963 Beach Boys. It also, of course, was the prototype for the MC5 song, "Kick Out the Jams," which went:

The wigglin' guitar, girl,
The flash of the drums,
If you wanna keep 'em rockin'
till mornin' comes...
Let me be who I am,
And let me Kick Out the Jams!

Or as the Raiders, three years earlier, would say it:

If all night long you've been waitin' to dance
Then all night long you're gonna have your chance
So don't stay at home just a-twiddlin your thumbs
You can't resist the sound of the drivin' drums!

So that's it. No, it ain't the killer LP of all time and unless you're all full-fledged rock and roll reactionary like I've become, there's maybe a dozen albums I'd recommend before this one, but as Motherfucker Freddie Jones himself said on his first album,[4] "When you get thirsty enough, you'll drink, too."

And as Mark Lindsay says on GREATEST HITS, "Kicks just keep gettin' harder to find," and that's the best reason I can think of for picking up on the early Raiders.

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3 You'd think that if America was really the technological wonderland it's cracked up to be, that somebody would've by now invented something to eliminate this horrible problem. Maybe a roll of adhesive tape with an outside surface that couldn't damage the needle would do the job. Just lay the tape over the track in question--when the needle finishes the preceding song it hits the tape, slides across a built-in groove in the tape itself, and into the next cut.

If this ever becomes a reality, I want 10%.

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4 "Soul--But No Teeth" Blue Jay Records (BJ1005).

Introduction From page 2

than that. To "Change the World," as Grahm Nash would say (or "Save the Country," as Laura Nyro would say, or "Stop The War," as Grand Funk would say) is a big job that's going to require a lot of real work, the first prerequisite of which is to turn off the record player. And if it's hypocritical to bitch about pollution if you drive a car, it's just as hypocritical to bitch about the country if you spend your time and money on concerts and albums and anybody who does is a jackoff and should admit it. But since we all are to some extent, there's no point in feeling guilty about it--that just messes up your rocknroll sensibilities. It's a lot better to be a self-confessed jackoff than it is to be a guilty one; it's the guilty jackoffs that make it possible for people like Chicago to get away with dedicating specially priced double record sets to the revolution, and for Melanie, Steve Stills, Grahm Nash, etc., etc., you name it, to thrive and multiply. You can always tell a guilty jackoff--he's the one who expresses his politics vicariously through the music he buys (or you could say "corporations he supports," too, I suppose). So what's the answer? I dunno, but I don't ever expect to find it in as commoditable an item as pop music, that's for sure.

Anyway, the next issue (in a couple of months) will also be free (although your postage stamps are appreciated) and beginning with the one after that, we'll start publishing monthly and cost $4 per year. By that time, we'll be bigger, better, and hopefully worth the money.

In the meantime, I'd like to see your articles, photos, artwork, and especially reviews on your latest finds and opinions on any records here that you've heard or have. And, of course, any comments or suggestions about FLASH. Hopefully the next issue won't be the personal ego blitz that this one was. If you'd like your stuff returned, be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Have a good time.

--Mark Shipper

P.S. A special thanks to the fab Bunny Baran at the Raiders Hollywood office for her help with the Raiders story and for digging up the old pictures for me.

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* Nik Cohn said that in his book, "Rock from the Beginning." (Pocket Books, 95¢) Read it if you haven't already--it's far and away the best book on rock ever written.

Esoterica

From page 3

Felix Pappalardi producing. The second side I really like a lot; no bad cuts on the whole LP. It came out in late 1968, I think; has been a bargain bin staple for years, easy to find.

I FOUGHT THE LAW, The Bobby Fuller Four (Mustang 901)

Well, this one you've certainly seen or heard of, but you oughta be reminded just the same. Great album. They were the inheritors of rockabilly, except they really did some elaborate things with their group singing (like echo, studio stuff) you'd never hear in rockabilly. Find "Love's made a fool of You" too, not on the album

THE GOOD RATS (Kapp 3580)

Two or three unbelieveable cuts make this a fantastic album and overall it's really good anyway. Reviewed in an early 1969 ROLLING STONE. The Good Rats were an epitome of the Long Island sound cum the Young Rascals/"You Keep Me Hangin' On" Fudge/Velvet Underground. They had a lot of Boxtops/Grassroots influence too on some cuts, but once you hear their singer it makes sense--unending shriek. "Joey Ferrari" is maybe one of the most ace New York songs ever.

LOOKIN' THRU YOU, The Herd (Fontana 67579)

This doesn't really belong in here, but it's passable and I like it somehow. Semi-lightweight British pop in the Hollies/Bee Gees/early Move/etc. school, sort of. Too, some Howard Blaikley songs ("Have I The Right," Honeycombs' manager).

MARVIN, WELCH & FARRAR (Capitol 760)

More English pop, except quite good overall. Landau assigned me a review of it, so read about it there (ROLLING STONE) Released June 1971.

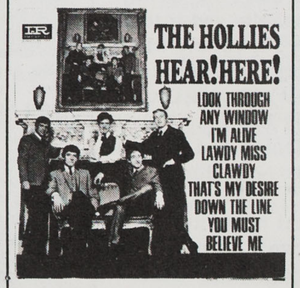
READY TO RIDE, Southwind (Blue Thumb 13)

Well, this you've heard of, too. It's one of my utmost favorite American rocknroll (which discounts the Springfield, Youngbloods, etc.) albums--this and TEENAGE HEAD. Absolutely tremendous 9/10ths of the time.

The Good Rats

Lookin' Thru You
The Herd

Ready To Ride
Southwind



Hear! Here!
The Hollies

MILESTONES, SRC (Capitol 134)

This was their second of three Capitol albums. I don't like the other two at all (the 1st is even objectively quite bad, irregardless of vantage point), but this one I love. It sounds EXACTLY like the Zombies in vocals and songs, just an utter freakout. The drums are recorded as well as I've ever heard. The lead guitarist uses a sustained-fuzzbox type style, you know what I mean when you hear the style--total 1968-9 style--good though. Weird album. A friend really dug it and said they sounded very acid-like, with the strange mesh between guitar and the style of songs. After EARLY DAYS, this is the 2nd Zombies album to pick up, really. Lester Bangs doesn't like it, he likes the 3rd and not the first two; but then he doesn't like my all-time idol Phil Spector (and you HAVE to be into Spector to really get into the 1964 Beach Boys), so we don't like exactly the same things outside of the Question Mark/Stooges/MC5/Troggs/Kingsmen/Standells/Chocolate Watchband/Shadows of Knight/Seeds school. Lester liked an album in RS once named BODINE on MGM; I finally found it in a 44¢ bin last month, and it stunk. So it goes to show.

A few others you've probably surely heard or have, all winners:

BLUE CHEER #4 (Phillips 600-333)
MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD, David Bowie
TEENAGE HEAD, Flamin' Groovies
GAME OF LOVE, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders
HERMAN'S HERMITS ON TOUR
WEEKEND IN LONDON, Dave Clark 5
KINDA KINKS, KINKS KONTROVERSY, YOU REALLY GOT ME
THEM; THEM AGAIN
IAN & THE ZODIACS (Greg Shaw played this for me)
TAKE IT EASY WITH THE WALKER BROTHERS (Eng. LP)
HEAR! HERE!, the Hollies
& umpteen other English Invasion greats.

An album I need to find or know about: MONTAGE by Mike Brown (Laurie), ex-Left Banke leader and songwriter. Late 1969 I think. 2nd Left Banke LP was horrendous, without him.

.....

Papa-oo-mow-mow- to you too. I agree just about right down the line with you on your fave obscurities, except Bo Grumpus and The Herd

Continued on page 19

If JUST LIKE US is the album you turn to when you get fed up with the seriousness of contemporary rock, then HERE THEY COME! is the album you turn to when you get fed up with the seriousness of JUST LIKE US.

This album dates back to before the days of "Action," (the liner notes refering the show come from a second printing of the LP) and it gives a pretty good idea of what Paul Revere and the Raiders were into before they became adolescent America's wet dream band.

ROCK and ROLL. That's all it is. Rock and roll stripped bare of all the clothing it's had to wear in the past few years to broaden its appeal. As such, it's not as easily approachable as JUST LIKE US with it's heavy Beatles-Stones influence or GREATEST HITS which everybody could love and should have because it's such a powerful set.

You really have to get used to this one. You have to play it a few times and let yourself go way back to that time when a rock and roll band was only expected to be a rock and roll band, whose sole function was to play those songs which would incite the audience to feel good, come back again the next night, and perhaps buy their album when it came out. Nothing else. Nobody expected them to pretend that they really cared about their audience, or that their music was somehow bound up inextricably with the philosophies of a lot of self-important moralists in that audience.

Maybe that's why it took me longer to get into this album than the other two. It's so fucking dumb and illiterate and noisy and guitars and drums and buffoon singer shouting groaning Little Richard imitating crowd screaming WEIRD.

But now I love it. It's fun. It's more fun than any album I've ever heard in my life and the Raiders deserve all their fucking millions for being good enough to make something as valuable as this.

Side one is recorded live, side two in the studio. The second side isn't worth listening to--they weren't ready to seriously record at this time. It's side one that we're here for. It's tough to talk about. "You Can't Sit Down," is an instrumental--five minutes of insanity and if that's really Mark Lindsay blowing that sax, I'll eat my wife (I will anyway). Then into "Money," (Barry Gordy must have had these guys in mind when he wrote it) "Louie, Louie," (of course) "Do You Love Me," "Big Boy Pete," (with those great piano chords at the beginning and end) and "Ooo Poo Pa Doo," (listen to that intro--you think Lindsay wasn't a Little Richard student?).

Lindsay hadn't yet reached the vocal maturity on this album that he showed later - this one's all power and force (with maybe the most grueling scream ever recorded on the intro to "Ooo Poo Pa Doo").

Continued on page 18

Produced by
Terry Melcher and
Roger Hart

Here They Come!

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS

Featuring Mark Lindsay

COLUMBIA
CL 2307

The Curious Tale of Paul Revere
(Not to Mention His Raiders)

Finally, Paul Revere, who was sixteen, threw a typewriter out of a window.

At last his youthful ambition was realized. He was expelled from high school. He'd been trying for some time. Insolence, insubordination, rebellion, even revolution had failed to impress his elders that he was not a worthy schoolboy.

So out of the window went a school typewriter, breaking not only the window but also the typewriter.

"A great day in my life," recalls Revere, now the revered leader of The Raiders, a swinging, booming group bursting out of the northwest of the Union and ready to defy the music world to ignore them and their talent.

"I was free of school, but I had no job and little education. What was I to do?"

What, indeed, you may ask indignantly and with some impatience.

Listen to Revere as he elaborates and lies about his awful career.

"I went," he said with a surprising degree of accuracy. And added: "I went where all dumb kids go if they have no talent or ambition, to hairdressing college. But the amazing thing was that I turned out to be a brilliant barber. I was a new Perry Como. I became Paul, the Swinging Scissors Man.

"I graduated with the Order of the Golden Comb, and set about my father for money to open my own shop. I beat him up, gently, night after night, bound and gagged him and terrorized him and forced him at gunpoint to admit he had not a cent to give me.

"This came as no surprise, as really I had known it all along. I just beat him up because I was a sadist.

"My father, you see, was a poor farmer. He had 28 acres on which nothing at all would grow, so naturally he had difficulty making ends meet.

"However, what I did have was a grandmother. But, sad to say, she passed on, leaving me 500 dollars which I grabbed, and off I went to buy a barber business.

"This succeeded well. I was, by then, seventeen, and I was able to buy a second shop, and a third. By the time I was eighteen I was making a lot of money.

"But though I liked money, I also liked playing the piano. I had been playing by ear since I was seven. Boogie, blues and, when the rock craze started, rock 'n' roll. I idolized Jerry Lee Lewis, and I suppose if he'd known me, he'd have worshipped me in the same way.

"But he didn't know me, so it was a one-way affair, except that I was determined to be as good as he was. I think I made it.

"So, at the age of eighteen I was a businessman and a piano player. I wanted to do both, so I sold the barber shops and bought a drive-in restaurant.

"This was in Boise, Idaho, and the guy who had it didn't know what was happening. I had a leaking boat I'd bought for 350 dollars, so I sold it to the drive-in man for $3,000. This seemed fair. Also, I gave him $5,000 cash and got the restaurant.

"I was nineteen and thought I had it made. I did.

"Piano playing became an obsession, and I started playing rock in local halls with a couple of other musicians.

"Now, who do you think was delivering bread to my drive-in?

"None other than Mark Lindsay, a swaggering eighteen-year-old with dark eyes and a way with girls.

"He became a Reveremaniac and used to come to all the dances where we played. He begged to be allowed to sing, and because he was bigger than we were, we let him. He was good. Very good.

"But I was a greedy man, so I said to myself in a low, avaricious, muttering voice: 'Why let this bum sing with us for money when he could play an instrument as well. That way we get double value.'

"So, in an oily, friendly voice, I said to Mark Lindsay: 'Play an instrument instantly and I will make you a star of great magnificence.'

"Thus did Mark Lindsay become a saxophonist of great style and a guitarist, too. Also, he stopped delivering bread and became a handsome pop singer whose depths are still unknown."

Then, for twelve months, and without apparent reason, Paul Revere said goodbye to success and retreated to a log cabin in Oregon where he sulked quietly and counted his takings from the drive-in restaurant.

Mark Lindsay, who had become impossibly handsome, decided that it was easier to live on no money at all in Hollywood than to deliver bread in Idaho. So he hied himself to the movie capital of the world and began to search under the front seats of cars in the quest of pennies and nickels dropped by spendthrifts from Beverly Hills and places of that sort.

He cleverly disguised himself as a bum, which was not difficult because his wild hair and wicked eyes and general air of debauchery showed that he really was a bum. He told many tall stories and generally lived quite well until, coincidentally, a terrible yearning overcame both himself and Paul Revere at the same time. They joined up and re-started their music.

Now in Portland, Oregon, there was a teenage club where the worst group in the world used to play the most hideous music Paul had ever heard.

One of the guitarists was a small, tough man called Mike Smith, who asked to be called "Smitty." So Revere said to him in a gentle way: "Smitty, you are a lousy group but have it made here. I would like to be in on what is happening."

Revere takes up the story: "What was happening was that Smitty was packing the club. The kids were going wild. Yet the group was so bad. No one played in tune, in time or anything.

"So I took over the club and Smitty joined us. I said: 'Just because you are a terrible guitarist doesn't mean you need to be a bad drummer. Be a drummer.' And it came to pass that Smitty became a clever drumming man, and Paul Revere and his group were now three."

Paul, having reduced his standards sufficiently to include Smitty, was obviously prepared to abandon them altogether. And as Smitty had two friends who were even worse than he was, Paul naturally took them on. In this way, he reckoned, he would be able to shine.

"Why not," he asked himself, "surround yourself with bad musicians so that you yourself look wonderful?"

This he did, and to his amazement and the delight of the youth of the northwest frontier, Paul Revere became a very big local star.

He was approached by a greater percentage of the phonies in Hollywood and finally gave up going to Schwab's. Mushrooming record labels promised him great fame and immense riches, but because he had an eye for business, he rejected these in favor of the extended hand of success of Columbia Records, which had been established for many hundreds of years, long before the dog sat with his ear cocked in front of the phonograph.

The group's name caught on, and so did their music. Then, from a sound-proof booth in Portland's KISN radio station stepped a nervous, reed-thin opportunist-disc jockey called Roger Hart, who became the group's Epstein, but who, surprisingly, did not believe himself to be more important than God.

Hart, diligently and honestly, with the genius of bandleader Paul Revere at his side, began to mold the group into a salable product, and planned to retire by the age of thirty with a million dollars in the narrow leather pockets of his narrow leather coat. To date, he has not succeeded. To date, he is not thirty. Give him time. On both counts.

When The Raiders had totally conquered the northwest corner of the Union, Hart met another man who also would not be visible were he to stand behind a telegraph pole.

By name: Derek Taylor—erratic publicity officer for the infamous Beatles, whose dramatic rise to fame had been so parallel to Revere's ride to fame. Or vice versa.

Hart, in a torrent of disc-jockey glibbery, convinced Taylor, who was also insincere, that the group was worth hearing.

"I believe every word of what you say," cried Taylor with abandon, and immediately deserted his ill-paid job with the Beatles. He emigrated to Hollywood with his wife and fourteen children, joining Hart and Revere, meanwhile leaving a trail of debts and wreckage and regrets behind him in London.

At this point, Paul Revere and The Raiders had become a brilliant fivesome, solidly established musically and visually, having been greatly strengthened when Smitty's two friends were replaced by two eighteen-year-olds, Drake Levin and Philip Volk (good Anglo-Saxon names). Drake arrived in Raider country from Chicago where he was an avid bicycle and hubcap collector and former grade school dropout, moving west to conquer new territories for his nocturnal habits. His parents had great hopes for him, but, alas, all hope was abandoned upon his joining this infamous band of swinging gentlemen.

Once again, Paul Revere spoke prophetically, "trade in your hubcaps for a rock-'n'-roll guitar, and you too may attain to great great magnificence." And it came to pass.

Then, along came all-American Philip Volk, campus sweetheart, lured from his books and culture by friendly, neighborly Paul, and drawn away from his quiet Boulder, Colorado, college.

Suddenly, to the great surprise of his Sigma Nu fraternity brothers, Phil's hair began to grow to a hideous length. Booted in suede, tight in pants, long in hair, his hand warped to a bass guitar—he had finally been discovered by the watching eye of kindly Paul. Lo and behold Paul spake, "Come join my band o hairy men, and all of us, yet even, will astonish the world in our three-cornered hats. For it is, we have been called upon to defend the American way of music. Besides that, I need the money," he spoke greedily.

Henceforth, this rebel crew, in ancient hearse of black, containing much "live" music, spun their wheels with clank and groan and set out to wake the world and tell the people that Paul Revere rides again.

Believe what you wish of this awful narrative; the only thing that really matters is that here, America has a wonderful group of artists who can take on the best people State side and any of the European invaders.

Take it or leave it.

P.S. This motley crew can now be seen daily on ABC-TV's new "Where the Action Is" series. A Dick Clark production. And if you're so inclined, you may join their International Fan Club by writing Miss Kylie Scheibner at 7216 S.E. 30th, Portland, Oregon. It costs a dollar, but then again, doesn't everything?

REPRESSED UNTIL NOW!

BANGLA DESH CONFIDENTIAL

FLASH Staffer Uncovers Hotbed of Depravity in Pursuit of Speed Press Platters

by Bob Baker
Foreign Bureau Chief

(Ed. Note: There are three mistakes in this article. Can you spot them? Answers in next issue*).

.....

BANGLA DESH--"George Harrison? Who the hell is he?"

"Yeh, I seen thees guy Jor' Harrisun, he come aroun' here a fu' month ago, wid' his big car... sheet..."

"Who?"

Here on the outskirts of this starving city, the pale natives and their dying sons and daughters stagger from trash can to trash can in search of a few meager crumbs.

It is difficult to communicate with them. Their tounges are swollen.

One thing is certain, a well-traveled observer learns: The people of Bangla Desh are hungry for many things--but not for any more George Harrison music.

Interesting. Well seasoned. But in the staggering land of East Pakistan, who do the natives search out when their pangs of empty bellies give way to the craving for rocking rhythms?

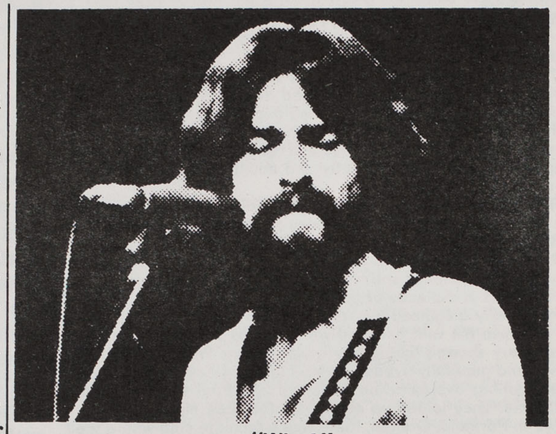
"I tell you, Mac," the swarthy Pakistan cabdriver snarled. "It's this unbelieveable group of American kids. People over here have never seen anything like them and they're begging for more."

"Oh, really? Who are they?"

"The Buckinghams."

"Let me out of this cab, asshole."

The next cab was more enjoyable. As soon as I entered, the driver--a Mexican from the San Fernando Valley who had migrated here because the veterans benefits were higher--began to tell me about the REAL name band in the area. He went on and on on, for minutes at a time without breathing, an act of some Pakistani god because those tacos can do a job, even in the back of a cab, and finally he



"Who?"

asked me if I'd seen the top-40 chart in East Pakistan.

"No, of course not. Who the hell would put one of those out here?"

"Radio KDES. Bet you wondered where Murray the K went, didn't you?"

"Yeah, well...Hey, what's number one here?"

" 'Hungry' by Paul Revere and the Raiders."

"No kidding? Lemme hear this station."

He did, and as we drove, his radio began beating out a tune unlike anything I'd ever heard.

"Say, what is that?" I asked the cabbie.

He didn't know--or wouldn't say.

We arrived at my hotel just as the song reached a tremendous climax. I remained in the cab in the hope of hearing the disc jockey identify the record. I shouldn't have wasted my time--they never do it when you want them to.

"...OK! THREE--O--CLOCK IN BEE-U-TI-FUL BANGLA DESH AND THIS IS MURRAY THE K SENDIN THE SOUNDS YOUR WAY FROM KDES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY! I'M HOLDIN' TWO TICKETS --THAT'S RIGHT--TWO TICKETS TO THE WORLD PREMIRE OF THE GEORGE HARRISON-LEON RUSSELL MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERT FILM AND I'LL TAKE THE SEVENTH CALL AT BA-25407 FOR BOTH OF 'EM.. ALL RIGHT? ALL RIGHT! RIGHT NOW, HERE WE GO WITH RARE EARTH, BABY, AND 'I JUST WANNA CELEBRATE'..."

Bah!

.....

After months of tracking that brief sound down, I learned from well-informed, highly ranked and usually reliable diplomatic sources that it was the Illinois Speed Press, off an album called ILLINOIS SPEED PRESS, of 1969 vintage on Columbia Records (CS 9792).

That was the turning point. For the next 72 hours I lived a life of total, shocking depravity. Then I found an apartment and was able to get some sleep.

It was a few days after that, when I was bent upon my second assignment--actually finding a copy of the Illinois Speed Press album--that I stumbled into a camp unlike any I had ever encountered and unworthy of description by the noble English language.

Nevertheless:

It happened as I walked down an alleyway around 2 p.m. The afternoon sun was shining and nothing looked disturbing. Oh, of course, there were babies dying right and left in the gutter, filthy clothes hanging from overhead clotheslines (Ed. note: The clothesline was invented in East Pakistan in 1947 and first utilized in West Pakistan in 1955), but little to take my mind off an otherwise pleasant day.

Suddenly, I spotted a twitching finger, attached to the arm of a sleezy--but stacked--13 year-old girl. A hooker? Shit, who cares? I take my ass where I find it. She gestured. I leaped. I grabbed. She moved away. She slithered into a filthy shack about 50 feet off of the alley.

Did I follow? Does the pope dislike fucking?

It took literally minutes for my eyes to become accustomed to the insides. Not that this shack was poorly-lit. A dirty, naked lightbulb hung on the ceiling, casting plenty of clarity on what was happening.

And what was happening! Loud, ear-aching sounds blasting from a 1959 GE mono record player. About a dozen persons of both sexes mingled in outrageous positions. The smell of cheap booze, cheaper women and even cheaper thrills was knocking my senses ragged. Then I looked around--the enticing 13-year-old had disappeared! No, there she was, in the corner, casting her flashing green eyes upon the extended organ of a man old enough to be her younger brother. She fondled it. He fondled it. They fondled it. I fondled mine, but was cut off temporarily as a banshee cry seemed to fly through the room, bringing with it a lustful scream of passion!

"Oh!," I saw one girl wince. She was wearing only a pair of cutoff jeans. She kept screaming, "Pay The Price," over and over. A sacrificial rite? Who could tell in this monstrosity?

Then all of a sudden I felt the sharp impact on my skull, felt the warm blood trickling down my leg, and since I knew my period wasn't due for a week, I passed out...

.....

It was a week later that I awoke, with the members of this apparent clan sitting around my bed, taking turns on my body, while others explained their encampment.

With my reporter's keen sense of awareness, I began to fire rapid salvos of succinct queries:

"What the fuck's goin' on?"

"You been out out a week, baby," the pouting-lip teenager replied.

"What is this?"

"What you mean, fatso?"

"I mean what are you all doing here? Do you live here?"

"Shit, yes."

"How long?"

"Thees long," said one of the men, whipping out his cock.

I tried to bring my foot up to kick the motherfucker's teeth in, but a dagger brandished by the

*Hint: It's NOT macho, sexism, and racism. That's too simple.

teenage nymph across my crotch provided a subtle reminder that I wasn't completely recovered yet.

"We've been in this shack for two years," another of the clan members started to explain.

"It's that album you heard when you walked in, the Illinois Speed Press first album. Ever since it came out, no one who's among us has been able to do anything but play it and play it."

I asked him to continue.

"At first we would all go wild on every song. Then, gradually, some of us were able to control ourselves to the point where we could simply sit and ball during most of the songs, simply enjoying the incredible sound...ah, the band is so fucking good, and so good for fucking..."

"You mean, there are some songs that throw you into that kind of fury I saw a week ago, or whenever it was?"

"Only one."

"Which?"

"You like short sentences, don't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. It's called 'Pay the Price' and I'll show you how it works," he said, fitting the old needle into the groove.

The music started and all around me I could feel the people's bodies vibrating. Then out of a flash of guitars, the voice came:

"Good-lookin' women everywhere I turn,
there's somthin' that you ought to learn;
all I got to give to you is advice;
I'd like to love you honey, but I can't pay the price..."

In those short few seconds, the entire room seemed ready to heave off its ceiling with the noise that followed. Women heaving their pelvis up and down, attacking every visible phallus in the room. Men jumping furiously around, shaking their limbs.

I, somehow, was able to control myself and record the events in my best, albiet shakey handwriting.

••••••••••••••••

That was six months ago. Today I am relaxing in my San Fernando Valley flat, contemplating those memorable weeks with my Pakistani brothers. And I also remember my drive to the airport as I left. I knew it would be an interesting ride--the cab had a bumpersticker on it that read "YOU CAN'T TEACH DON NIX NEW TRICKS!"

"Where to, baby?" asked the cabdriver.

"Airport, please."

"Ohwell I got debluzeoh I got debluze an now I dunnohow..."

"Oh, uh, cabbie, you're incredible. Are you from the U.S.?"

"Yeah! He, lemme tell y'all about what I used to do..."

And that--to be described next time--is how I met and discovered the famous 82-year old blues guitarist-vocalist, Motherfucker Freddie Jones.

The widely-traveled writer of this article is the author of the best-selling blues biography, "Motherfucker Freddie Jones--'I Ain't Nothin' But What I Am'" (Random House $7.95). He is also the manager of Pacoima, California's latest contribution to rock and roll, the infamous Ron & the Gauchos.

HOT SMOKE From page 7

the Crowd" is densely powerful as contrasted with its subject matter of adolescent love. "Windy City" at times conveys what could be described as a big band for guitars. "Coming" is a marvelous song, a rhythmic treat which contains such an overpowering use of voices that it will leave you limp. The addition of a new version of "Todd's Tune" seems to have been recorded in one take, (it seems to have been added for the reason of establishing the group's identity) and it sounds a bit spasmodic in its progression. The last cut, "Only a loner" is a stone rocker with political lyrics and a vocal and guitar line that will knock you flat.

This is one album you should really latch on to, if you can't get the first. Demian progresses into ares musically and each cut on their album represents such a high level of rock and roll workmanship as to be a worthy successor to A GATHERING OF PROMISES. Demian, if you're still with us, please keep rockin'.

HERE THEY COME From page 15

It really was recorded live, but some clown decided to dub in a few phony screams here and there to bring it up to Beatlemania proportions, which is annoying as hell the first time through but doesn't matter after you're into the LP because it makes just as much sense as everything else here.

I think it really deserves to be heard,(sounds better in mono--all three do) but I wouldn't recommend LSD to anyone who hasn't smoked marijuana and I'm not gonna recommend HERE THEY COME! to anyone who hasn't sufficiently prepared himself with JUST LIKE US, either.

MELANIE From page 4

we'd appreciate it if you'd send it on over to: FLASH Magazine, Melanie Award Dept., PO Box DH, Panorama City, Calif. 91402.

Sorry--the decision of the judges is final and no entries can be returned.

Esoterica

From page 13

(...zzzz), although not on your Top 20--mine would have the MC5 & Stooges, maybe Led Zep, the Seeds, and Paul Revere in there, too...J.D. Blackfoot?--good grief! Could they have been serious? What an album....You're right about the Grateful Dead, too.--it would figure that they're the number one band of the West Coast counter culture--they're boring enough. Have you heard "Johnny B. Goode" from their latest album? The lead singer sounds like Eddie Haskell trying to impress Wally's mom--how anybody could call this a great rock and roll band is beyond me... If you want to hear "Johnny B. Goode" done right, catch Flash Cadillac when they get to Texas...Right about Phil Spector--I wouldn't call him one of my idols or anything, but I think if anybody in pop music deserved the overused title of 'genius,' he's the one. He did it all--from creating a sound, to producing, engineering, and selling it--and it's a shame to see him wasting his talents on such washed-up talk show guests as Lennon and Harrison...I've never heard Ian & the Zodiacs, but I know the album--if it's the one I'm thinking of, the cover has four or five Beatleish clowns standing in the snow with a comic-strip balloon above their heads saying something like "Hi-we're Ian & the Zodiacs and this is our first album..." J.D. Blackfoot should've used the idea...Wow, the Standells! They never made a bad single or a good album--I think the closest thing they ever had to a decent LP was DIRTY WATER (Tower) which aside from the title cut included "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White" (that's the kind of exploitation song somebody like Rare Earth would do now, if you know what I mean) and the absolute Number One version of "Hey, Joe" ever recorded. The 15-second intro is one of the great moments of rock and roll history...It's weird, but four of the seven albums you mention as looking for and ultimately finding disappointing, are recommended elsewhere in this issue by other contributors. I think it points up the need for this business of knowing the musical preference of the reviewer that I alluded to in the long-winded introduction up front...As for BRIDGES, by West---well, if that cover didn't tell you anything about the album, Mike, then you deserved to be had...and ya don't like "Judy in Disguise," huh? Me neither, but before you give up on John Fred, try his album called LOVE MY SOUL, (Uni 73077). It's got a Sgt. Pepper parody on it, a killer medly of "Can't Be So Bad" (Moby Grape) with "Sweet Soul Music," the latter which they do honkie-style (..."spotlight on Peter Townsend, singin' Tommy can you hear me?...") Also "Back in the USSR," and a bunch of other good mainstream rock stuff, too.

To anyone not aware of it, Mike's a regular contributor to WHO PUT THE BOMP, which is one of the finest fanzines around. It's edited by Greg Shaw, who writes the "Juke Box Jury" column in CREEM, and every issue I've come across has been fused with a love for rock 'n' roll, the likes of which I've never seen in any other publication, pro or amateur. 50¢ to WPTB, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Ca., will bring you a sample copy. Check it out--you won't be sorry.

Bob Grossweiner
New York, New York

Here's my response to your question of obscure albums

OBSCURE ALBUMS THAT ARE VERY GOOD:

THE ROCKETS (White Whale 7116) early Crazy Horse that's much better than their new release on Warners/Reprise.

REVOLUTION--SOUNDTRACK (UAS-5185) early Quicksilver, Steve Miller, Mother Earth--to fill up collections--some good tunes, really.

REDWING (Fantasy 8409) fairly current but complete unknowns outside of California--had good reviews but no sales nor airplay. Excellent rock 'n' roll.

SIREN (Dandelion D9104) nice group--good reviews.

READY TO RIDE, Southwind (Blue Thumb BTS 13) raunchy, twangy rock--new LP no good--this is their own work of art.

EMITT RHOADES (Dunhill - DS 50089) sounds like McCartney but really nice.

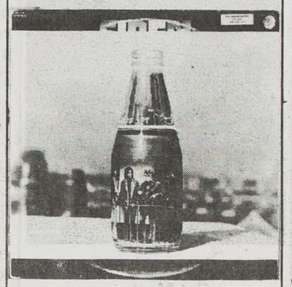
ROXY (Electra 74063) Good group--good song, "Rock and Roll Circus."

BOZ SCAGGS (Atlantic 8224) must be out of print but a masterpiece, especially side two.

J. GEILS BAND (Atlantic 8275) destined for bargain bins unless live at Fillmore last concert saves them--

Weekend in London
Dave Clark Five

The Man Who Sold the World
David Bowie



Siren

J. Geils Band

Esoterica

my favorite LP in years--like early Butterfield, early Stones--a great LP.
Murphy/Koerner RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL (Electra EKS74041) mountain music at its best.
BAMBOO (Electra 74048) Dave Ray--another part of Koerner, Ray, and Glover and another nice LP.
Cat Mother, THE STREET GIVETH AND THE STREET TAKETH AWAY (Polydor 24-3001) great LP produced by Hendrix--most cuts are far out like rock and roll medly, "Tracking in A," and "Maria."
MUSIC FROM LITTLE BROWN (Ode Z 1244010) group was from Africa although not listed--incredible version of "Paint it Black," as well as all of side one.
BALLINJACK (Columbia 30344) a horn group with balls but no air play and limited promotion--better live.
King Crimson, COURT OF THE CRIMSON KING (Atlantic 8245) I think it's a forgotten masterpiece--not obscure.
John McLaughlin, DEVOTION (Douglas 4) Brian Auger has tried to copy--incredible dude.
BLACK OAK ARKANSAS (Atco 33-354) new & destined for greatness but again unknown.
PERFORMANCE--SOUNDTRACK (Warner Brothers 2554) beautiful,--all sounds good--Jagger song incredible.
SHAZAM, The Move (A & M 4259) maybe will become popular on Capitol but only if they tour. "Hello, Susie" great all-time rock and roll.
CELEBRATION (Ode 77008) new but lost on shelves--not soundtrack to movie--great Beach Boy cut--others very nice.
DON PRESTON BLUSE (A&M 4155) incredible find for 49¢--great blues guitar--forget STILL ROCK WITH DON PRESTON (Enterprise 1016) which is "still" rock--A&M is a cut out.
LITTLE FEAT (Warner Bros. 1890) out of sight--any LP with cuts like "Strawberry Flats" and "Hamburger Midnight" with nusic to it has to be good--original "Truck Stop Girl," redone by Byrds--Estrada former Mother.
ALMOST HOME, J.F. Murphy & Free flowing Salt (MGM 4708) excellent first side--good group--his solo LP on MGM not very good.
COLD WIND BLUES, Colwell-Winfield Blues Band (Verve 3056) very good even if ROLLING STONE said no good cause white boys have no blues (Pete Welding said that) Jazzy & bluesy--best version yet of "Dead End Street."
CHARITY BALL, Fanny (Reprise 6456) New and good but since female group, chauvinists will neglect--some good rock and roll.
HOLLYWOOD DREAM, Thunderclap Newman (Track 8264) a masterpiece produced by Pete Townsend--incredible delicacy and one all-time great song, "Something in the Air."
LOADED, Velvet Underground (Cotillion 9034) a masterpiece of rock and roll yet audience still thinks of bizarre MGM three LP's thus this was overlooked--beautiful first side.
FIENDS AND ANGELS, Martha Velez (Sire 97008) good early 1969 rock LP--one of the first female rock solos --great backing by English stars--Clapton, some Stones, Leon Russell?
BE A BROTHER, Big Brother (Columbia 30222) somewhat forgotten after Janis--side one very good rock, side two okay--a fun LP.
DUET, Illinois Speed Press (Columbia 9976) nice LP with a new member now of Poco--instrumental work better than vocals & very good at that --Paul Cotton.
ROLL OVER, New York Rock Ensemble (Columbia 30033) new label--good rock and roll--lost to public due to previous three LP's which weren't too good.

GOLDEN FILTH, Fugs (Reprise 6396) A classic live LP, especially lead ins.
CRABBY APPLETON (Electra 74067) good first LP--second released this week--has some nice tunes.
FULL TIME WOMAN, Alice Stuart (Fantasy 8403) a sleeper but great, especially the band--good vocals--unknown.

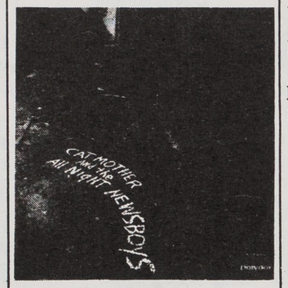
GROUPS KNOWN BUT UNKNOWN:

SPIRIT--especially early LP's
TASTE--Rory Gallagher
SWEETWATER--first LP
YES--becoming more famous
JUICY LUCY--blues from England
PINK FLOYD--"Umaguma" great
KALEIDISCOPE--1st 3 or 4 LP's
DR. JOHN--"Gris, Gris," magnificient
MOTHER EARTH--1st LP on Mercury
ELVIN BISHOP--fun records
H.P. LOVECRAFT--2 LP's on Phillips
THEM--"Them" and "Them Again"
BEAU BRUMMELS--'best of' on Vault

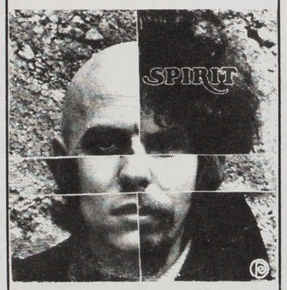
This has been fun. I hope you pick up on some things you might have missed. Some LP's are not too old, yet seem to be obscure.

Crabby Appleton

Loaded
Velvet Underground



Street Giveth
Cat Mother



Spirit

.....

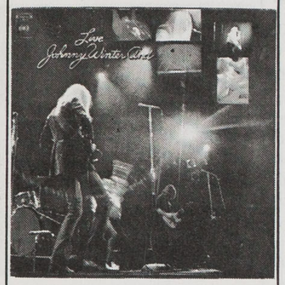
I got rid of the Rockets some time ago--bought it sort of expecting that nice Crazy Horse thump, but it just wasn't there...I agree with you on most of the others you list that I've heard, J. Geils (fantastic--much better than their new one) Southwind, Siren, Velvet Underground, and Crabby Appleton... Just got Crabby's ROTTEN TO THE CORE, and unfortunately, the only weakness of their first one (too much farting around) is rampant here. It's really a pity, too--this band is so good with the straightahead stuff they do--hope we don't have to write 'em off... you're right about LOADED---great first side. I wish they'd put "Head Held High" on side 1 in place of "Who Loves the Sun"--you'd never have to turn it over...Cat Mother doesn't knock me over, but I know lots of people who love it...DUET is not the Illinois Speed Press album to rave about--it's OK but nowhere near their debut album which to my ears is one of the greatest obscure LP's of all time--very big in Bengla Desh too...what are the cuts on that "Best of the Beau Brummels" album you mention? Sounds like it might be good.

Larry Keenan
Markham, Illinois

I think your list is a good idea since most of my interest in music is on the wane and I get a great deal of enjoyment, more from rock and roll than any other. I think it would be a good idea if you'd say how many people sent in their favorites and perhaps which records appeared on most of the lists.
My list is mostly compiled of records which I feel were largely ignored. Records I mention with a brief review are usually because a good flip through a magazine like CREEM or ROLLING STONE would probably state it for me.
My list:

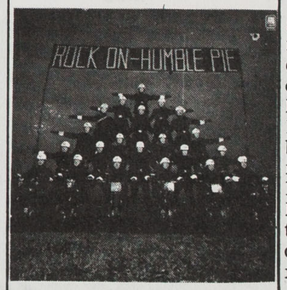
JOHNNY WINTER AND & JOHNNY WINTER AND LIVE (Columbia) were the only two releases by what was, for a time, one of the best American rock and roll bands. The former combined a great deal of excitement with precise musicianship, while the latter just about said it as a live rock and roll album. However,...
THE live rock and roll album could be said to be GET YOUR YA YA'S OUT (London) which I am mentioning because it kicks ass on the bootlegs and it sold so little in comparison to what it was as a record. If you've heard it you know what I mean.

Johnny Winter And



Live
Johnny Winter And

The Living Legend
Baby Huey



Rock On
Humble Pie

I live near Chicago and would like to put in a few words concerning recordings issued several years ago by some Columbia executive who figured to corner another Bosstown sound. These records are lovely. To name some of the better ones:

AORTA (Columbia 9875) features a very acid-oriented subject matter, but lead guitarist Jim Donlinger (now with Lovecraft on Reprise) and vocalist-bass guitarist Bobby Jones (who later appeared as a featured vocalist with Mad Dogs & Englishmen) are the stars of this album and it shows on songs like "Sleep Tight," "Ode to Missy Mryzosptlk," and the driving "Strange."
ILLINOIS SPEED PRESS (Columbia 9792) The Speed Press got it together, came home and took Chicago, like they took the second Newport festival, by storm. The double lead guitar work of Paul Cotton--now with Poco--(what a waste!-ed.) and Kal David is excellent. The album is consistently superb throughout. They come on as sort of a midwestern Moby Grape (vintage WOW/Grape Jam) . The interior of the album is done as a mock newspaper and was written by the Firesign Theatre.
BABY HUEY STORY/LIVING LEGEND (Curtom 8007) Baby Huey and the Babysitters were one of the great groups of Chicago. The band had been around before Sly had got started and Baby Huey's approach pre-dates Sly by a good two years, but they weren't recorded until a year ago and the record was released only recently due to Baby Huey's (Jame Ramey's) death. It is excellent and extremely powerful and yet poignant at the same time.
AUTUMN STONE, Small Faces (available from England on now-defunct Immediate Records, IMAL-01 & 02) a double record set which is a mixture of greatest hits, new material, and live recordings of the pre-Stewart Faces. Lead vocals were then carried by guitarist Steve "the voice" Marriot before he joined/formed Humble Pie. The old Faces were rocking Mods and Marriot comes across on the live cuts like a white Otis Redding. If you liked the early Who, this record is for you.
ROCK ON, Humble Pie (A&M) Humble Pie are going to be the band of 1972. They mix four multi-instrumen-

Esoterica

(Ed. Note: If you're looking for your letter & don't see it here, it's probably because it was received after we stopped setting the copy for this issue. It'll be in the next one. Also, any typographical errors you find in your reviews might have more to do with your handwriting than it does with our proofreading. And then again, it might not. That's me by the way, doing the Walter Winchell thing (...) underneath some of the letters).

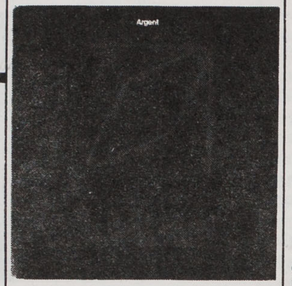
talists, three of which are superb vocalists and come up with an English-toned rock and roll band who sound like what Crosby, et. al. would sound like if they played the REAL rock & roll. Humble Pie have the hardest luck of any band around. Their record company went broke, they played brilliantly designed sets to audiences that were still walking in, their albums heralded the next trend by six months, but were never reviewed until about a year after their release, which was often when the next album was being recorded. Humble Pie sound like sort of a Super-Who (their bass and rhythm guitars strike simultaneously to produce the most magnificent snarl). The next album is live and it will be a killer. Humble Pie is a group to listen to.

AHEAD RINGS OUT, Blodwyn Pig (A&M) is the best album by this English group that Mick Abrahams formed when he quit Jethro Tull. It is jazz-rock without the big-band overtones. The drive of most of the cuts is reminiscent of his version of "Cat's Squirrel" on THIS WAS (Reprise). All the musicians are excellent.

IF I COULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN, I'D DO IT ALL OVER YOU, Caravan, (London 582) is an excellent record by an English band, half of which were members of the Pretty Flowers which later became the Soft Machine. They have no imitators except they sound like a cross between the early Soft Machine and the Small Faces. Their vocals are inimitable and they can deliver a lyric gem in three variety-filled minutes or stretch it into a hard-rocking eighteen minute suite, none of which is boring.

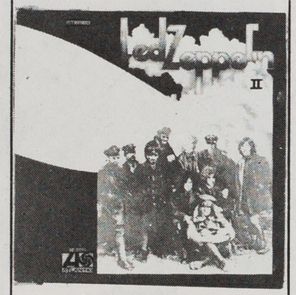
CRESSIDA (available on English Vertigo VO 7) Vertigo Records is a rising English label much like Island Records used to be. They have extremes like Black Sabbath and Juicy Lucy and are now starting to distribute in the U.S. Cressida is made up of English studio musicians who are highly in demand, but whose names rarely appear on the records. All songs are written by the group and why no one bought the rights to this record is beyond me. The production as well as every song, is excellent. If Cressida record another album or tour, look out. The cover art is very good.

Ya Ya's
Rolling Stones



Argent

Back in the USA
MC5



Led Zeppelin 2

English albums can best be obtained if you have no import store in your area from:
Records Ltd.
14522 Victory Blvd.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Congratulations on your idea. You are going to have quite a list.

.....

Thanks, Larry, and thanks for the Bubble Puppy article, too...as for records that seemed to turn up on other lists, so far the leader of the pack is probably READY TO RIDE by Southwind (Blue Thumb 13) followed closely by the Illinois Speed Press and Velvet Underground...I'm tempted to get AUTUMN STONE, but a double English album is eight bucks--is it really that good?...It's funny that you should know about Records Ltd. all the way from Chicago--I've been going there for years--their English stock grew so big that they bought an adjacent building and use half of it for British LP's and the other half for the most incredible bargain bin in town. Almost nothing is over 50¢ and anything 3 or 4 years old is 10¢-20¢. I walked in there a couple of weeks ago with about $2.50 in my pocket and came out with 15 albums (some real gems like the 13th FLOOR ELEVATOR--what a cover--and RAW & ALIVE, THE SEEDS IN CONCERT--what a record--for 10¢ each). If you ever get to LA, check 'em out.

John Simmons
Oakland, California

I don't know if my current fave-rave is obscure but I suspect it is--at the very least too few people have picked up on it. It's on the Canyon label (LP 7706). It's called Swamp Dogg (or rather the artist is called Swamp Dogg) TOTAL DESTRUCTION TO YOUR MIND. To my humble mind it is the R&B album of 1970. It's about a year old. R&B lost its kick for you?--try Swamp Dogg. Think the best R&B records were cut twenty years ago?--try Swamp Dogg. R&B lost its gonads? Swamp Dogg has his. There are NO weak cuts but you'll definately have favorites. Social commentary too, kids, and it doesn't even want to make you puke. Familiar with Joe South's "Redneck"?--hear it with the edge it needs. I really don't want to go bananas about it. It's too good, too sweet to me to kill it with words--there is such an emptiness in a large segment of black music that to find Swamp Dogg to be as good as he is gives one hope. Maybe you already know. If I gotta say more to convince you--write me--I will.

Sign me up for the sheet and good luck.

Michael Dean Smith
Chicago, Illinois

WASA WASA, Edgar Broughton Band (Harvest 371).

Cross a british blues group with Captain Beefheart in 1965 with a time warp connecting 1956 to 1971 and this is what I think would happen. There's some Bonzo's in here somewhere too. Also a little bit of the witchcraft thing and lots of making fun.

"Death of an Electric Citizen" would fit right in on "Safe as Milk", which moves right into a parody of a 1958 ballad about a guy getting sent home from the war.

The rest of the first side has a plain old straight ahead rock and roll song, a Cream by way of Saturn instrumental and a nice little Black Sabbath parody that breaks into incoherency.

Side two has a couple of nice rock and roll songs and then parody time again. Called "Dawn Crept Away" it's perfect Moody Blues syrup shit. Impossible to listen to without laughing your fool head off.

BLASTS FROM THE PAST, 16 Collectors Goodies (Blast 6805).

The buy I ever got. 33¢ for pure unbelievable dumb rock and roll. Lots of doo-waps and bow-bow-bow-ba-bows and neh-neh-neh-neh-neh-neh-neh-neh's.

Side one is just great. Not absolutely amazing like side 2--

"Coney Island Baby" (a classic '50's rock and roll ballad)-Excellents.

"You Baby You" (beautiful rock and roll)-Excellents.

Two Bobby Vee ballads that bring down the whole side almost irreparably but then comes

"The Closer You Are" by the Magnificent Four which brings the whole side back up. A fifties anti-war song about daddy goin' off to war; beautiful, they should have started listening then.

"Never Let You Go"-Five Discs (real nice too, but not quite up to "The Closer You Are".

Side two starts slow with two half bad songs by Ronnie & The Hilites. Then "Roaches" & "The Trial" by the Court Jesters (classics)--another dumb ballad that's so silly it's funny.

The hilite of the album is a song called "Bang Bang Shoot 'Em Daddy" (that must be the kind of record that Zappa bought when he was nine).

Incorporating the Wyatt Earp theme song, an amazing bass line and some beautiful timing. Could be number one if it gets rereleased in 2001.

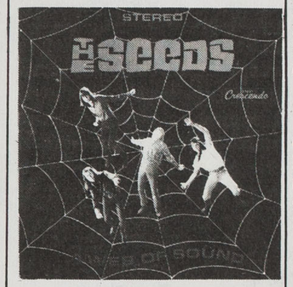
The record ends with another one of those dumb ballads.

I can't remember the last time we were partyin' and didn't play this thing at least 10 times.

Teenage Head
Flamin' Groovies

Black Oak Arkansas

Black Oak Arkansas



A Web of Sound
The Seeds

Mailer Mackenzie Band
(FLASH pick to hit)

You speak quite disparagingly of 1962. I think that 1961 is more deserving of your derision as that was the year that sheltered Lawrence Welk's last number one hit, "Calcutta." "Apples and Bananas" was big in 1965 but it didn't make it into the top five.

ARZACHEL (Roulette 42036).

One of the weirdest records I've ever come across without at least having heard of it before. I bought it because the cover looked like the drawings I scrawl when I'm tripping.

The Boys In the Band:

Simeon Sasparella (guitar, vocals) born in Seatoller, Cumberland (who the fuck knows where that's at?).

Njerogi Gategaka (bass, vocals). From a small town north of the Kenya Rift Valley.

Basil Dowling (drums)

Quote from the liner notes "He has been in seven groups playing every conceivable style of music from dance band to skiffle. Basil is a heavy violent drummer; he has been known to break fourteen sticks in as many bars. He believes that if it were not for Arzachel's music, his violence would still be expressed in seat slashing and toilet roll throwing".

Sam Lee-Uff (organ).

The first side has four songs. The first three are kinda Pink Floydish with

Esoterica

weird organ and vocal effects. The last song on the side starts with the weird organ too, then all of a sudden goes into a hard boogie british blues beat, and then ends with a general strangeness that would have been called psychedelic.

Side two is two long songs (10 & 17 minutes) which have to be heard. There's an amazing two minute bass solo that'll shake the house if you turn it all the way up.

I got it for a buck at a local record store bargain bin.

Scott Fischer
Florissant, Mo.

Picked up the new CREEM last night and am more than glad I read your letter. I kept thinking about it all day at work. Like here's this cat with the same thing on his mind as me.

The best thing on the planet, as far as I'm concerned is rock and roll. And signs of its death make me less than happy. Included in my love for rock and roll are the unknown albums of groups that never made it big. My friends look at my record collection and say what's with all these off the wall groups / albums? But for some reason I always dug on these underdog type bands. Especially now when there's such a small quantity of music that comes out on vinyl that could be classified as rock.

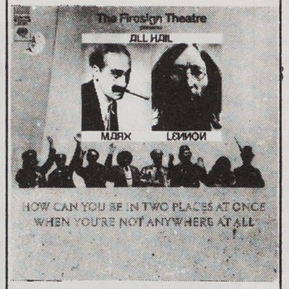
I agree with you entirely when you rap of the best music belonging to yesterday. The latest issue of ROLLING STONE has an article by Jon Landau about all these new releases he thinks of as worthy. Like Joni Mitchell, Rod Stewart, Randy Newman, and one or two rock groups like the Who or Allmans. Well the Who's LP is sterile and only the Allmans rock. Rod Stewart's "Every Picture---" sure doesn't. It's just the usual pop star bullshit- no feeling for real rock.

The only new LP's that rock, to my knowledge, are Boomerang, Savoy Brown, Move, Southwind and an old (1968) but great jam, "Live Yardbirds". The later reminds me of how exciting the music used to be.

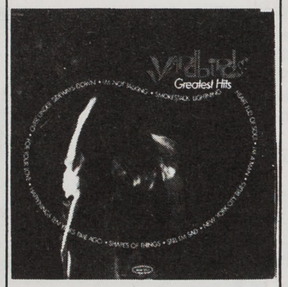
Of the people I've talked with, those who seem to dig what I call schlock, are around 19-20. I'm 22. Were you at the "Celebration of Life" rock fest?

The Amboy Dukes

Brownsville Station



Two Places...
Firesign Theatre



Greatest Hits
Yardbirds

It sucked but to hear people screaming "Rock and roll" at Steve Stills, Country Joe and Melanie at least made me feel good to know I'm not the only one.

I probably haven't conveyed the solidarity I feel with your opinions but believe me brother-It's there.

Here's a list of the albums of obscure groups:

PRETTIES FOR YOU, Alice Cooper (Straight 1051)

Their first LP, uncommercial, unlike their latest--High Powered!

MIGRATION & JOURNEY TO CENTER OF THE MIND, Amboy Dukes (Mainstream)

JOURNEY has one side (concept) about an LSD venture--other side just good rock--same for MIGRATION.

BROWNSVILLE STATION (Warner Bros. 1888)

Old fashioned rock 'n' roll in '71!

NO WAY OUT,Chocolate Watchband

This is psychedlic, Chuck Berry and rocking rendition of Steve Stills "Hot Dusty Roads"--are they from Ohio or California?

AIR CONDITIONING, Curved Air (Warner Bros. 1903)

Classical influences but by no means a drag--it's better live though.

TAKE IT TO THE STREETS, Elephants Memory (Metromedia 1035).

Horn section that isn't a drag and doesn't over do it--the lyrics are of revolution and a song "Power to the People" (not the same as Lennon's) that can't be beat.

GOLDEN EARRING (Dwarf 2000).

Used to be on Atco--4 guys from Scandanavia that do one of my all time favorites "I'm Gonna Send My Pigeons to the Sky"--a real rythym rocker.

IN THE BEGINNING,Genesis (Mercury 61175).

A 16 minute jam that never bores and constantly takes off--rest of it mediocre.

SCRATCHING THE SURFACE, Ground Hogs (World Pacific 21892).

Blues--slow and up tempo not stereotype English blues--T.S.McPhee is an original.

BLUES OBITUARY, Ground Hogs (Imperial 12452).

The whole album is anti-war non status quo social commentary--it rocks too.

SPLIT,Ground Hogs (United Artists 5513).

Came out in early summer. Although panned in FUSION it's a legitimate alternative to Grand Funk and Black Sabbath. The lyrics on insanity

aren't meaningless as M. Leviton said. The're the best yet on a difficult subject to be fused with rock--I think it's the best power trio jam since LIVE CREAM.

H P LOVECRAFT 11 (Philips 600279).

Came out in fall 1968--similar to Fudge-Deep Purple but still distinct--do a most credible version of Brewer & Shipley's "Keeper of the Keys".

JAMUL (Lizard 20101).

Sure shot at cut out racks-- some of the best ever--country western or feedback--they were adept.

LOVE (Electra 74005).

Folk rock at its finest--L.A. 1966.

DA CAPO, Love (Elektra 74005).

More eclectic than their first-- contains possibly the best not to mention weirdest, hard rocker ever written-"7 plus 7 is".

FOREVER CHANGES, Love (Elektra 74013).

Mostly acoustic rock--issued in Dec. of 1967--Arthur Lee & Bryan Maclean were at their tops on this (writing, that is).

FOUR SAIL, Love (Elektra 74049).

Summer of '69--Lee and 3 new members--was more rocking than any of their previous--two are fantastic--"Singing Cowboy" and "August".

OUT HERE, Love (Blue Thumb 5039-40).

Now in bargain bins for $1.50, 2 record set--it's for all tastes--includes an up to date version of one of their folk-type tunes, "Signed DC"--drum solo--true satisfier.

FALSE START, Love (Blue Thumb 8822).

Short rockers--one live cut from OUT HERE and a guest appearance of Hendrix--now they're on Columbia--can hardly wait.

FORMS AND FEELINGS, Love Sculpture (Parrot 71035).

Classical songs "Farondale" and "Sabre Dance" done up in rocking style and it's on the plus side--Dave Edmunds is one of the quickest guitarists--remainder of the record are Berry, ballads and shocking originals. One of my favorites.

MAD RIVER,(Capitol 2985).

Musically like early Quicksilver but more diverse--lyrics range from anti-speed to the sun.

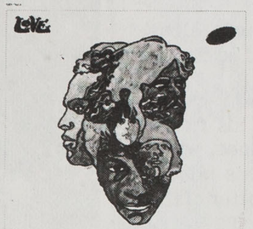
MANDRAKE MEMORIAL,(Poppy).

Their 1st--I don't have this one but want it--HELP!

PUZZLE, Mandrake Memorial (Poppy 40,006).

A guitar modular, bass, drums--no more piano--backed at times by med-

Love



Forever Changes
Love

Foursail
Love

Funhouse
The Stooges

evil sounding chorus and an orchestra but not the bullshit type like on Elton John's. Is this group still around?

HIGH ON MT. RUSHMORE, Mount Rushmore (Dot 28898).

One of the best from S.F.--blues, hard rocking--exciting.

MOUNT RUSHMORE '69 (Dot 25934)

More bluesy than their 1st but it's no waste--what happened to 'em?

FUN HOUSE, Stooges (Elektra 74071).

One of the most primitive rythmic rushes of all time--not to mention the vocalist Iggy Pop.

GREATEST HITS, Yardbirds (Epic 262 46).

This is a no bullshit LP of a major force of the '60's--deserves credit.

VELVET UNDERGROUND AND NICO & WHITE LIGHT WHITE HEAT (Verve).

Subjects: perversion, hard drugs, death--one of the most underated groups in their original form.

Hope you can make this out--let's do our best to save rock and roll!

.....

Thanks for your letter, Scott--I think we're doing it...Haven't heard too many of yours...Brownsville Station is one of my very favorite albums--are they ever gonna make another one?...I dug Mt. Rushmore (somebody stole my copy) and all Love LP's are worth having--FOREVER CHANGES and the first one are my personal preference...I must've played side one of FUNHOUSE 75 times by now--it still hasn't lost its power--"rhythmic rush" is right--I guess it's hip to like side two, but it's probably hipper to admit it stinks --at least they had the sense to keep the good stuff together--to hear that this band has broken up was the most depressing bit of rock 'n' roll news I've heard in years--the Beatles were already useless by the time they parted, but the Stooges were just hitting their stride--how do you sleep, Iggy?

.....

Ed. Note: We had a few recommendations without reviews. Jim Blackey of New York digs "...any Velvet Underground, STREET GIVETH-Cat Mother, the first Argent, and the Firesign's "HOW CAN YOU BE IN TWO PLACES.." And Dave Chadwick all the way from Thunder Bay, Ontario, recommends a mixture of British & American LP's, among them: DIRECT HITS, the Who (Track), FIVE LIVE YARDBIRDS, A FULL SPOON OF SEEDY BLUES, Sky Saxon Blues Band (GNP), SIDE TRIPS, the Kaleidoscope (Epic), BRAVO ROLLING STONES, (Horzu--German) - has "Stoned" on it.

The Next FLASH

IN THE STALLS & ready to go are:

THE STORY OF the Seeds--
"If Frank Zappa is a genius, and John Lennon is a genius, then Sky Saxon sure the fuck is, too." (and where does that leave Albert Einstein?)

1969's GREATEST (and most maligned) albums:
The MC5's "Back in the USA" and "Led Zeppelin 11."

THE NOTORIOUS Bob Baker's story of his first encounter with Motherfucker Freddie Jones, wherein Freddie reveals the startling fact that his blindness is self-inflicted "...it was strictly a matter of financial security, Bob; who's gonna hire an 80-year old blues singer that can see?..." Bob also reviews Freddie's early 40's obscure LP with Murray Wilson (father of Brian & Carl). Entitled "Surface-Hiss Up," it contains brilliant renderings of "Shoe Blues," "One Foot in the Delta Blues," "Blues For Breakfast," and a throbbing, pulsating, "Ballad of John & Yoko."

ANOTHER MEMBER of the Liner Notes Hall of Fame

PLUS: the first Melanie Awards, lots of obscure albums and comments on some of this month's, and some surprises that I don't know about yet, so send 'em in.

AFTERTHOUGHTS:

Beginning with the next issue, we'll be printing addresses in the review section--if you don't want your address printed, be sure to state this. Also, it'll work out better if you keep your letters seperate from your reviews.

Another thing I'd like to do concerns AM radio. I don't know what the situation is in your town, but in LA, AM rock radio is rapidly becoming indistinguishable from the FM slush. The stations here are all tripping over each other in a pathetic attempt to sound hip'n'cool and there are just no leather-lunged, high-energy, bizarro jocks to be found. To those of us who love AM consciousness, it creates a real void.

If you've got a real AM jock in your city, why not put him on an hour's worth of tape at 3 3/4 and send

The Genius At Work

it over. I'll reciprocate by sending you an hour of Wolfman Jack (assuming there's somebody, somewhere, that's not in the range of his billion watt station in Mexico). Then, in FLASH, we'll describe whatever tapes we receive, and interested readers can obtain duplicates by sending in their blank tapes & return postage.

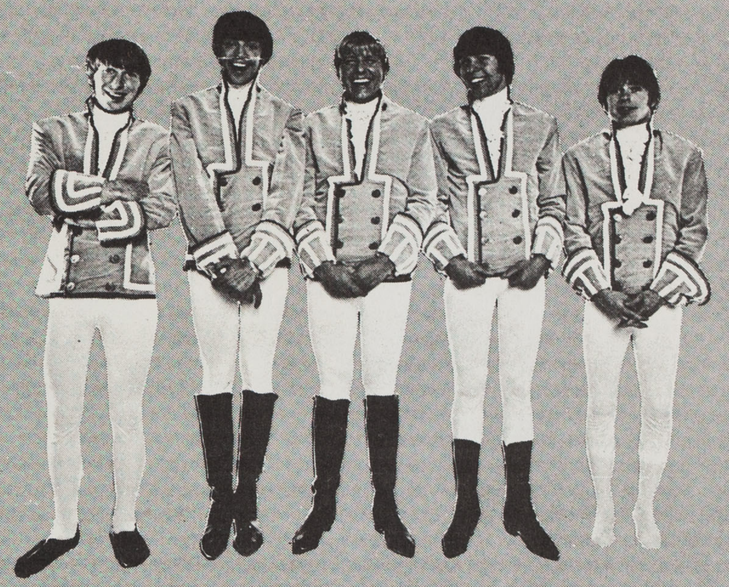
Sound good? Also, needless to say, as long as we're shooting tapes back & forth across the country, it creates a natural way for others to hear those obscure albums that you've been ranting & raving about. That's one of the advantages of publishing addresses in the review section.

Let me know what you think.

--MS

P.S. Bob Baker and I are writing a rock opera called "God Dammit!" which Bob says will be the rock opera to end all rock operas. If you agree that this is a worthwhile goal, we welcome your songs, ideas, etc. So far we've finished the title, but not much else. We'll share the royalties. Also, I'm in the market for a guide to Grand Funk's albums and am willing to pay the sum of ONE DOLLAR (the freeze, y'know) to anyone who can supply me with same by January 30. No longer than 6 or 7 double spaced pages.

THESE GUYS HAVE PAID THEIR DUES



It's not easy to be a traveling musician in the hard-drinking, rough-living northwest.

Every night a different city—a different dimly-lit, smelly club on the tough side of town.

A different audience always demanding the same thing.

Music.

Tough, uncompromising, hard-driving rock and roll music.

And they get it from Paul Revere and the Raiders.

One look at these guys tells you everything you'll ever need to know about them.

There's no effete snobs here. This isn't the band from down the street, practicing in the garage.

These are solid, seasoned, professional musicians with something to say—and the ability to say it well.

We've sent out advance copies of their new Columbia album, "Just Like Us," to some very heavy rock critics.

One, in fact, weighed nearly 300 pounds.

Many have called it the best album of the year.

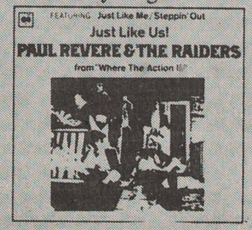
A few didn't reply.

One said that "Steppin' Out," the story of a young man's return from the army and the price he paid (written by Paul Revere and lead singer Mark Lindsay) is "...the most powerful anti-military diatribe I've ever heard..."

OK.

No more short, pithy sentences.

It's time you got the word for yourself.



Paul Revere and the Raiders "Just Like Us" (CS 9251)

On Columbia Records® and Tapes

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